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The US Resolution on Spain

THE United States resolution on Franco Spain submitted by Senator Connally at Lake Success constitutes the maturing of a change in American policy, and probably in British policy likewise. It is, viewed politically, a welcome move, for it counters the Polish and White Russian proposals with something somewhat positive and frees us from the seeming complete negativeness of our previous position. If it represents the beginning of something new, it can be beneficent; if it represents the maximum action we are willing to take, it is merely hopeful.

In world politics the United States is recognizing more and more clearly the importance of the Mediterranean to our interest; indeed, today Gibraltar, because of Near-Eastern oil, means nearly as much to us as it does to Britain. The Polish proposal that the UN should severally sever diplomatic relations with Spain, while noble-seeming, was really clever bait to catch liberals and was a move against us, for if put into effect, it would leave Russia alone represented in that country, *via* the Spanish Communist Party, and would facilitate a working agreement between Stalin and Franco—as did the Braden policy between Stalin and Perón in the Argentine—something thoroughly undesirable both to ourselves and to England. Hence our insistence until now on a policy of do-nothing delay—likewise playing into Russia's hands. Meanwhile the British were hopeful that they could excite the Spanish Army into revolt, thus ridding Spain of Franco without handing it over to Russia. These hopes so far have refused to mature; and the latest American move looks like an attempted step along a new positive (Franco to retire . . . a provisional government . . . free elections) way to rid Spain and ourselves of Franco and at the same time protect our access to the Mediterranean.

So much for the politics involved. On the moral level, however, the American resolution is surely subject to the charge of hypocrisy, because it does not sufficiently singularize the Spanish case. Had there been a preamble stating that the situation desirable for Spain ("it is for the Spanish people to settle the form of their government . . . the prompt holding of an election in which the Spanish people, free from force and intimidation, and regardless of party, may express their will . . .") is equally desirable and equally, if not more, lacking in many a member state of the UN, then the resolution would have been more honest. For on its face it looks like putting a burden of proof on the Spanish people which we blandly do not require of the Polish or Yugoslav or Rumanian people nor of Russia. It would have been manly for us to admit that in the latter cases we are powerless, while in the case of Spain we hope—and it is mightily to our selfish interest—that we can effect what we theoretically want for all peoples. The world's politics today would be healthier if only a little more truth-telling were included in it.

Reports from a Neglected Area

IN HIS occupation of Japan General MacArthur has had great initial advantages. This is borne out in a recent issue of the Maryknoll *Field Afar,* by Reverend Patrick J. Byrne, Superior of the Kyoto Mission, who was "quarantined" in Japan throughout the war. He reports that the Japanese people blame the destruction of their cities on their own government for having continued the war when everyone knew and admitted that all was lost. Non-resentment has been strengthened by the humane conduct of the American occupying forces. MacArthur is such an idol of the masses that hundreds gather in Tokyo every day just to see him go to lunch. In Father Byrne's opinion the victorious United States is so popular in Japan that "for years to come the people will look to America to develop here a democracy similar to that which has given America its greatness."

These sentiments square exactly with the observations of reporter Noel Busch, whose considerably more detailed and pretentious account appears in *Life* magazine. To think that "with

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an administrative staff appropriate for a good-sized US city" General MacArthur has been governing a nation of 73,000,000 souls with less than 200,000 occupation troops in the background! Mr. Busch speaks repeatedly of the "Japanese enthusiasm for their conquerors." He goes as far in emphasizing the veneration in which victorious and confident General MacArthur is held by the great bulk of the Japanese.

And there are other initial advantages. Although the British occupy western Honshu and the island of Shikoku, for all practical purposes the whole works is run from the MacArthur headquarters. Sessions of the Allied Command are punctuated by the continual protests of General Derevyanko, but MacArthur serenely gives the orders which he chooses. The contrast with the divided German occupation could scarcely be more marked.

So far excellent. With these advantages and his extraordinary talents and experience it is hardly surprising that the General has carried through a remarkable series of reforms: the emperor has been stripped of his claims to divine origin, local government has been reformed along democratic lines and the dominant Japanese trusts are being efficiently broken up. The educational system (50,000 schools with 18,000,000 pupils) is undergoing tremendous modifications. Genuine labor unions patterned on CIO and AFL have enrolled 3,000,000 members, while press, radio and movies manifest the freedom and penchant for soap opera that are our own. Few can beat the Japanese at imitation.

Assuming for the sake of argument that Americanization is the best thing that could happen to them, the future of the Japanese people remains a puzzle. There is some question whether political and economic democracy can be dictated from a central headquarters even to the most receptive of peoples. And if that is successfully achieved, how can a Japan whose new constitution renounces armament as an instrument of national policy maintain itself so close to expanding Soviet Siberia?

These are major questions, which MacArthur in his apparent wisdom may have adequately reckoned with, too. But they seem simple when compared with the task of setting up a viable economy. The colonial empire is gone, major industries are destroyed and there are only 15,000,000 acres of arable land. Already 5,000,000 Japanese are out of work and a figure of more than double that amount threatens. Nothing as puny as a Japanese PWA can meet that. Can good trade relations with China be set up? How can the Japanese and American economies be correlated? Decentralization, good distribution of population, of responsibilities and profits and all the rest will mean little if Japan does not become a healthily productive unit in the world economy. Otherwise the beautiful MacArthur structure will eventually resemble nothing so much as a pack of cards.

Restrictions of Strikes

THE FIRST court phase of the John L. Lewis episode should be finished when this gets out. Did the United Mine Workers have the right, derived from the old contract with private operators which the government more or less (?) took over, to renounce their contract on ten days' notice? Was John L. Lewis in contempt for having indicated to the miners that they had no contract while the court was deciding, and for not having then, after the injunction, given the miners the impression that the contract had to be assumed in force while the court was deciding?. We suppose Judge Goldsborough will decide part of this and that the Supreme Court will complete the legal decisions. They ought to decide, and we wait on their words—differing in this respect, we don't know to what extent, from Mr. Lewis.

It has not been erudite problems of law and equity which have kept the coal controversy all over the front pages. The public gets into the picture in a number of other, less technical ways. The blood pressure of many citizens rises in contemplation of what may be a "strike against the government." Then, aside from the government, there is increasing condemnation of strikes in "essential industries." From many points of view it appears to me impossibly wrong to rule out all strikes against government, federal or lower, just because it is government. So far, also, arguments in favor of prohibiting strikes in "essential" industries seem most unconvincing. These two contemplated prohibitions look like lazy and dangerous ways out. When, where and how is an industry (or government operation) essential—and essential, really, for what? Classifications would have to be completely fluid in order to approximate any sort of honesty. Almost everybody, in talking about "essential," seems to assume some meaning or other of "necessary to keep such and such people, or such and such a system in a particular status." The absolute necessity of maintaining the people or the system in the assumed status is rarely evident to me.

In regard to soft coal, now, there appear to be two different sets of deep and legitimate worries. First, there is the threat, and increasing actuality, of deprivation and insecurity for too many people. The getting of food, shelter and clothing for Americans, and for others currently dependent, is terribly handicapped by the coal strike. Interwoven in this necessary and devas-

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tating concern is the worry about the whole, general political-economic-social system which a coal strike torpedoes. The conscience and the political judgment ought to be carefully examined so that the major sympathy about sufficiency and security is not confused with the second concern.

The other type of coal strike worry, which overlaps and interplays, but which has been getting separate notice in the columns, centers on the problem of United States national power and of the power and persuasiveness of "the West" in a world of competition with the communist Soviets.

It is worth noting that we cannot assume everybody reacts to these different problems of the coal strike with the same impulses. It is probably impossible for anybody at all to be quite simply and exclusively concerned with the most immediate and direct needs for food, shelter and clothing. In this over-politicalized age it is surely absurd not to take account of the mixed motives of communists, extreme capitalists, middle roaders, confused liberals, confused conservatives, Republicans, Democrats, bureaucrats, distributists, and all the rest of us who are pushing or holding to a "system" at the same time we are deploring the lack of coal mined.

Looking for an attitude, it seems proper to look first and longest at the miners—who have a tendency to get lost in the controversy. For now and a long time to come, coal miners seem to me in a lot of ways sunk. Their position looks less and less free: growing with increasing clarity into a status which is objectively "servile" in the meaning Hilaire Belloc gives the term. They must belong to the UMW. What they can do and can't do has already been more and more elaborately defined by law. Currently there is a powerful trend to increase the legal definition of their rights and duties, and the chance seems great that the right to strike will be practically ruled out—which means, practically, the legal obligation to work. And no one knows how this can be avoided.

This question of the miners' status: the character and conduct and powers of their union, and the laws and customs governing their union and union membership, and the laws regulating the contracts and strikes of the union—this question appears far more important than the so-called ownership of the coal mines.

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At this time there is no method before the public to keep the miners free to strike or not to strike or to join the UMW or not to join, or to have an industry-wide contract or not, without disaster. The soft coal industry is a unit and is a unit essential to the operation of any economy nearly like ours and to the public welfare and national power. The right to strike is just about sure to be restricted in the coal industry nearly to the vanishing point. This, most regrettably, one seems forced to accept.

It would be best, I should think, not to accept this passively. Strikes can be removed from soft coal in many ways, and we ought to try to have it done the least bad ways. The miners deserve great recompense for liberties surrendered to the community. It may well be that the least painful way to check coal strikes is to recognize the UMW as a full-grown, extremely powerful and adequately mature social institution. As such, on the one hand, it can be asked to give up some of the rights and privileges it enjoyed as protection in its weaker youth. It ought to accept a responsible legal position in regard to contracts and fines such as other persons must. It ought to accept the kind of publicity and accounting which others do. But resentment toward the amazing Mr. Lewis and panic about the coal strike must be held in check. (It is not as important as it seems anyway: a number of major communities have existed through worse situations lately and the main causes of happiness and unhappiness have gone on operating, with far less alternative fuel available.) A sweeping, rationalizing revolution in labor relations now would almost certainly be ruinous. If we are forced against our grain to hedge in the right to strike and curb the right to thumb our nose at the public order, let us do it with the least possible limiting laws and regulations—and do it the least possible. These moves they are all talking about to reduce the "threat of strikes" are themselves threats to liberty. Do it as little as possible.

If the miners individually and in their union give over some of their freedom and privileges to prevent crippling strikes, they ought to get something in return. They should obtain a greater voice in policy making and planning in their own industry. They should be brought into political parties and the government in policy and planning positions, to help deal not only with mining but also with the general run of public problems.

Whatever is done which limits the freedom of the miners and helps perpetuate the general, centralized, integrated economic system which requires such sacrifice ought to be openly and clearly recognized and deplored. A kind of education and propaganda grows constantly more necessary to stimulate perpetual internal reform within the unions for democracy. Miners, and all others, must guard against a state of mind which would accept or welcome the loss of freedom. It would seem, indeed, that the country would be most healthy if miners now, and others as affected, should keep up a constant pressure to leave and stop working in the branches of the economy where freedom is most limited. Nothing would

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more effectively stimulate efforts to replace the least vigorous branches and to develop a sounder economy—sounder because it favored and did not tend to paralyze the vigorous and responsible personal freedom of the men who work. The miners, as the country knows them, are most fitting men to lead the struggle and contest.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

Palestine and Murder

THE PALESTINE problem is one thing and murder is another. If too many people mix them up it does not mean that this page cannot tell one from the other and talk about one and not about the other. This piece is about murder. When a British soldier is killed in Palestine he is murdered. There must be no confusion about that statement, there need be no apologies for making it. It has to be made.

A full page advertisement in the papers says: "Six million Jews were slaughtered in Europe and no one came to their aid. Now the heroic armies in Palestine are fighting for the survivors." The statement says: "The Jewish Underground soldiers need help! Wounded need medicine, bandages and surgical instruments! The Patriots in the field (and in the prisons) need food as well as many other necessities required for successful, Active Resistance to the British occupants and oppressors. . . . This Palestine Resistance Committee is the only organization authorized to raise funds for the active fighters of the heroic Jewish Underground."

That is why you have to say that murder is being committed in Palestine. You have to say it also in order not to concur through silence in incitement to murder. You have to take false labels off things and put the true ones on. Otherwise there will be no end to the violence that was taught in the war, that is persisting after the war is ended and that seeks legitimacy in taking the names that war makes legitimate.

There are no "heroic armies" in Palestine, because there is no war in Palestine. For the same reason there are no "underground soldiers." There is not one man in all Palestine, British, Jewish or Arab, who can kill another and claim that he is not a murderer. There is not a man who can throw a bomb and claim that he is not an indiscriminate murderer. The use of the word army, the word soldier, the word underground, is an attempt to legitimize the act of murder. And that is why, in other literature produced in America, the camp at Cyprus is called the British Dachau. Because if there are soldiers there has to be an enemy; there have to be concentration camps and "oppressors."

This attempt to create a formal war in Palestine is a tribute to a remaining sense of embarrassment. For it is not pleasant for Zionist extremists to remember that it was not from Great Britain, or from British colonies or possessions, or from the British zone in Germany, that Jewish people had to escape from torture and death. It is not pleasant for them to remember that Great Britain fought a long war against the nation which deliberately sought to torture and exterminate their people—not while they are murdering British soldiers. That is why the terrorists are forced to pretend that the British soldiers are German soldiers, that the British soldiers are carrying out a British policy of extermination which is like that German policy of extermination to which the British soldiers put an end.

The terrorists in Palestine are not going to read anything that is written here. Perhaps, as the Jewish leaders in Palestine have said again and again, the terrorists are completely irresponsible. And so these words about murder are meant for Americans. They are meant for the people who are collecting funds for the "active fighters." They are meant for the people who are taking some wonderful image of true heroism—the resistance of the Jews in the Warsaw ghetto, for instance—and defiling it, by encouraging murderers to carry it about like a flag. They are meant for the people who fill American newspapers with incitement to murder.

We met a girl the other day who was very proud of her brother. She said he has given up everything, he is leaving for Palestine, he is going there to help his people, he is happy in America, we are Americans, but he cannot be completely happy while his people are suffering. He is being trained for his work. Agriculture, we said, Cornell? No, she said, it's secret, she said, I can't tell you, it's a course in sabotage.

During the war a man who took a course in sabotage might be dropped behind the lines somewhere and if he was caught he was shot. Or if he were in occupied territory, a Frenchman or a Pole or anything, he would be tortured and shot —even before he had accomplished anything, just because he was there. But this young American will not be shot when he enters Palestine, not even if the British know about the course in sabotage. They may not let him in, and why not, they may put him in jail, and why not. If he gets in I hope he loses his nerve, and goes to work teaching school or being useful on a farm and returns to talk about the British tyrants, but if he turns out to be the hero he thinks he is he will blow up a few stenographers or wreck a train, and he will be a murderer.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Garden by the Sea

Eugene Bagger

Jardim da Europa, a beira-mar plantado — Thomas Ribeiro

AT THE AGE of fourteen I blossomed out as an epic fan. Homer and Virgil, I now regret to say, I appreciated only mildly; they were "subjects" read in class, and my Greek and Latin masters did what they could to turn their grandeur and their sweetness into so much syntax and archeology. I skimmed through Dante and Milton, but was just intelligent enough to admit that I did not *really* understand what they were all about. That simplest, and greatest, of all epics of chivalry, the Song of Roland, I missed somehow; it was only late in life that I loved its ancient yet ever-fresh beauty. The Nibelungenlied, in modern German translation, stirred in me an enthusiasm further inflamed by my simultaneous discovery of Wagner. My favorites were the great Renaissance sagas: Tasso, Ariosto, Camões—above all, Camões. Why I should have preferred him to the other two would be difficult to say. Today I know that he is much the greatest poet of the three, but this I could not judge then. Rather, my preference had something to do with the greater unfamiliarity and remoteness of his subject-matter, with what has been called the pathos of distance; with an exotic glamor—plus that radiated from the very names of his persons and places. Affonso Henriques, Inez de Castro, Albuquerque, Taprobane, Goa, had an exciting sonority besides which Godfrey and Orlando, Armida and Olympia, Acre and Tripolis and all the rest, appeared pale. After all, the Mediterranean was just around the corner from my Hungarian home; but Camões opened a window for me on the far-away Atlantic, oceanic world. He was my first guide—and what a guide! —to the Age of Discovery, and I sailed forth with Vasco da Gama from Belem to the conquest of the glittering secret East as an English boy would sail with Sir Francis Drake from Plymouth harbor. In the last resort my choice must have been predetermined, as such choices so often are, by that hidden selective trend of the mind, at once fortuitous and inescapable, which goes by the name of affinity; and the very map of Portugal in my school-atlas became, in my interior geography, the chart of promises whose fulfilment I was sometime, somehow, to exact from life.

That was forty years ago; and it all came back to me this morning in a flash, one of those flashes about which Marcel Proust wrote his best pages, which fuse present and past into a subsisting symbol of the mind's overcoming of Time. I was poring, once more, over the map of Portugal—alas! not the well-thumbed map of my school-days; for where are the maps of yesteryear?—and had my eye caught by a name in very small print: Batalha. I had seen that name, white-lettered on a sky-blue signboard, late in a summer afternoon of 1940. It marked a narrow road that dipped back on our left into a little combe or hollow as we emerged from the pinewoods, fragrant with resin and thyme and wild lavender, through which we had been driving since Leiria, and found ourselves on a sharp ridge or spur of reddish-brown earth that melted into open country shimmering in the mother-o'-pearl haze of the July heat. Those pinewoods, I remembered, had been planted by King Denis, the husband of Saint Elizabeth, five hundred years ago; and I realized that the ridge where we stopped, and the undulating vale beyond, was the battlefield of Aljubarrota. There, on an August day in the year 1385, King John of Aviz had smashed the much stronger invading army of Castile, and announced to the centuries that Portugal was not a rebellious fief but a nation.

So we backed our car and turned down into the hollow, and presently saw the great Dominican priory church of Santa Maria da Victoria rise like a sculptured mountain in the midst of the humble little village that had grown up around it and was named Batalha, that is, Battle. It is considered perhaps the finest monument extant of fifteenth-century Gothic; and I thought its many echoes of the English Decorated style, traceable to the employment of craftsmen who had helped to finish Lincoln Cathedral, most curious and yet not in the least jarring in that green-and-ochre southern setting under a deep turquoise sky. For that long English façade merges with other elements of foreign importation, French *flamboyant* and Rhenish German, into a masterpiece profoundly and distinctively Portuguese. We knew that to explore its marvels in detail would take days, and knew also that the S.S. *Manhattan,* then straining at her cables in Lisbon harbor, would not wait. So after a little while we went, regretfully, our refugee's way. Some ten or fifteen miles further south we drove through Alcobaca without stopping at all; yet for many years I had longed to visit the austere Cistercian magnificence of its great cathedral, one of the purest examples,

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they say, of early Burgundian Gothic: it was built by monks fresh from Cîteaux at the end of the twelfth century.

In the six years that passed since that interrupted tryst with my boyhood love, Portugal, the priory of Batalha and the cathedral of Alcobaca became, to my mind, symbols like that bridge across the Rhône at Saint-Gilles in Provence, and the Rock of the Doms at Avignon, of which I wrote in "For the Heathen Are Wrong": symbols of the continuity, or unity in time, of our culture, made by the Faith; symbols, also, of that freedom of movement, the law-abiding citizen's right to go where he pleases across frontiers, the exercise of which supplies a pretty good yardstick for the prevailing state of civilization, since it measures the sense of unity, of continuity in space, embodied in the political structure of the moment. This freedom of movement reached its highest level in the Antonine age of Rome; in the Christendom of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries up to the first world war. The Crusades were fought, in the first place, for the freedom of movement for pilgrims. Today this freedom is denied, explicitly and ruthlessly, by that great directed democracy Soviet Russia; it is asserted in theory, but surrounded in practice with a hundred restrictions, obstacles, and impracticabilities by the undirected—and frightened—democracies of the West. Well, perhaps one of these days our democracies will un-frighten themselves and it will be possible to travel again, at least this side of the Iron Curtain. When that day breaks, I shall, perhaps, having cleared up my desk cluttered by five years' illness, be able to do that pilgrimage to Nossa Senhora da Victoria at Batalha, and to that old shrine of the Good Jesus at Braga, and to that newer shrine of Our Lady of Fatima, which I vowed out of gratitude for those unforgettable weeks in the summer of 1940.

The Europe which I expect thus to enter through its Lusitanian gateway will not be the Europe which I hoped to find. Even two years ago it was possible to believe that with World War II our civilization had turned a corner. It was possible to believe that the smashing of Hitler's thousand-year plan by the democracies would establish the temporal framework of a worldwide movement back to the Faith through the self-defeat of apostasy; that the victory of the Allies would make the world safe for that synthesis of modern science and medieval wisdom, that refocussing of the perspectives of the city of man on the vision of the City of God, which Maritain calls theocentric humanism.

Today this interpretation of our ordeal is no longer tenable. The mills of God grind more slowly than some of us presumed to hope. The lesson of the last two years is that we have not yet learned the lesson of the last four hundred. Winston Churchill was only too right when he said that things must get worse before they can get better. And so that next tour of Europe which I planned as a kind of survey of the terrain and first stage of the new *Reconquista,* will not be that, but rather a stock-taking of what is left of the fabric of our Catholic civilization, and an inspection of its remaining outposts. The contrast between what I hoped to find and what is there to find is, more or less, the contrast between the upsurge of the twelfth century, with its Cistercian renaissance, its emergent Gothic glory, and its First Crusade; and the decline of the fourteenth, that of the Black Death, the Nominalist revolt against Reason, and the brimming over of Asiatic power into Europe. It is also the contrast of the opening words of Psalm 121: *"I rejoiced when they told me: 'Soon we shall enter into the House of the Lord.' . . . O Jerusalem, thou art built as a city, whose parts are firmly united,"* with Lamentations, 1,5-10, sung in *Tenebrae* on Holy Wednesday: *"Her adversaries are become her lords, her enemies are enriched. . . . Her children are led into captivity before the face of the oppressor. . . . The enemy hath put out his hand to all her desirable things, for she hath seen the Gentiles enter into her sanctuary."*

*

Somebody in the seventeenth century (was it Richelieu or Mazarin?) said that Europe ends at the Pyrenees. More than one traveler affirmed since that Spain is already Africa. Gonzague de Reynold, in his brilliant book on Portugal, adheres to this view, and adds that Portugal is much more European than Spain, the latter being isolated from the continental system by an all but impassable chain of mountains, whereas the former is attached to the system by the Atlantic which bathes its length. "Thanks to the ocean," writes M. de Reynold, "the Pyrenees do not exist for Portugal." Yet when we say that Portugal forms an enclave of the Occident in that "Eurafrica" which is Spain, we have not told the whole story. If Spain, by dint of the Arab entanglements of her tragic history and the African affinities of her soil and climate, is a little less than European, Portugal gives the impression of being European plus something else. It has, in the south especially, a whiff of the East Indies and also a whiff of the transatlantic new world. The Portuguese scene somehow reflects the Portuguese empire overseas in a way in which England and France do not reflect their respective colonial dominions. You "feel" Goa and Rio de Janeiro in Lisbon; you don't feel Calcutta or Capetown in London, or Casablanca and Cochinchina in Paris. In a sense in which Africa begins at the western gate of Burgos, Brazil begins south of Coimbra.

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To the student of geography and the lover of landscape Portugal offers the spectacle, unique in Europe, of a country which is distinctly southern but not Mediterranean. Portugal is of the South, but she is also an Atlantic country, as wholeheartedly Atlantic as Ireland. This means, among other things, that she is a southern country blessed with an abundance of rainfall. It is to this combination, unmatched anywhere else in Europe and already noted by Strabo, that the Portuguese landscape owes its most striking note: the blending of greens as deep as and more varied than those of Ireland, with extraordinary riches of brilliant yet soft color and an intricacy and extravagance of vegetation patterns which those who know about such things assert cannot be found anywhere else outside Brazil.

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In the matter of this soft rich coloring of the Portuguese earth the contrast with the arid tawny or brick-red monotony of Castile is obvious, but it is also irrelevant, for Castile is a land-locked high plateau with African summers and winters colder than those of Switzerland. The comparison lies with Mediterranean France. The tone of the Provençal landscape is gray-green; it receives its character from the olive tree, "subdued and faint of hue," from heather and wild lavender and asphodel; a contrasting note is introduced by clumps and hedges of cypress, massively black against the nacreous limpidity of the Provençal light. Bright color in Mediterranean France is almost always strident, and it means either the color of rock and earth, as the red of the Var and of Roussillon, or the lion-yellow, strayed as it were from Castile, of the country between Beaucaire and Nîmes; or it means irrigation, and is thus a mark of culture not nature, as in the luxuriant garden-scapes of Grasse, Antibes, and Nice. Also, the essential monochromousness of the Provençal scene is emphasized by its silence, due to the great scarcity of birds, and broken only, at high noon, by the shrill metallic resonance of cicadas. Now listen to this description, picked at random from a galleryful, of a typical Portuguese landscape in the Alemtejo, the large province south of the Tagus, in Aubrey F. G. Bell's entrancing and erudite book "In Portugal":

> Some kilometers from Evora a few rocks and *azinheiras* [evergreen oaks] border the ill-defined path that grows ever more indefinite, now skirting corkwoods, now losing itself in a thick treeless waste of flowers and long grass. The country all around is white, pink and yellow, blue and purple with flowers. Sometimes it is all a thick carpet of lavender of the deepest purple, tracts of purple stretching away to brown and on to faint blue lines of low hills. Or wide spaces are entirely yellow with crowsfoot, whin and many hawksweeds and daisies, or a faint purple with thistles, or blue with scabious and cornflowers and harebells. And magnificent zones of bugloss mark the apparently endless unbroken plain with a deep blue-purple. Flowers less massed and continuous than these sometimes combine to strew the ground beneath a wood of tufted pines with a variety of white and yellow, pink and blue.
>
> Elsewhere the sky of clearest turquoise, with snow-white clouds, appears through the branches of a corkwood, beneath which grow asphodels five and six and seven feet high. The cuckoo is a wandering voice turning the air mysteriously to a faint music, doves coo softly in the soft dreaminess of an Alemtejan afternoon, beetles drone heavily beneath the trees, and overhead fly storks so high in the air that they seem to be smaller than sea-gulls, or sweep lazily nearer the earth.

In "For the Heathen Are Wrong" I told the story of how my wife and I arrived in Portugal toward the end of June, 1940, fresh from the disaster of France, and described that sense of release and fulfilment which signified so much more than mere escape from physical danger and finding a haven after the tragic storm and stress of Bordeaux. I spoke of the most poignant experience I ever had of having reached the goal, of the freedom which springs from the quiescence of the will; focusing this mood on my first view of that great arcaded square of Lisbon now named the Praça do Commercio, also known as Terreiro do Paço, that is, the Mall, which was once called the Place of the Inquisition; and I noted that this masterpiece of the late Portuguese baroque suggested to me a painting by Claude Lorrain which I had seen as a youth and whose counterpart in reality I had been chasing ever since. There is in all love on first sight a grain of awareness that it is not the first sight at all; a sense of having found what one has always known; of that blessedness of re-union which is an infinitesimally tiny, faint and fleeting, glimpse vouchsafed to us in this early life of the splendor of the Beatific Vision. There are three regions of Europe where I have had this sense of having reached the end of terrestrial longing: Provence; the Swiss shore of the Lake of Geneva; and, above all, Portugal. Why it should be just those three, and why Portugal above all, I cannot say.

There is for that experience yet another name; you can find it, among other places, in one of Hilaire Belloc's loveliest passages, in that chapter of his "Many Cities" where he describes the cloisters of Tarragona in Catalonia.

> All the centuries are about you, and all are asleep; and the only life of the place is the graceful solemnity of the few trees, the grass and flowers of the court, the birds shooting to and fro, high round the warm golden stones of the tower. . . . Behind you, unseen, is a great regiment of mountains, guarding the plain and looking on this abrupt lonely hill, which is your station; and you know that just beyond, down below the giant walls, at the foot of the steeply-falling slope, is the splendor of the Mediterranean. All the while there is no sound but the very slight murmur of the sea wind in the leaves of the lonely little garden and, at long spaces, the sharp note of a darting bird. . . . Here, if anywhere in the world, there is peace. That word, which

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the young cannot understand, but which represents, after a certain age, all the hunger of the heart, has taken on flesh, as it were—a flesh of stone—and it is with us: peace incarnate.

That was written more than a quarter century ago. The young of today will perhaps object that they have in the meantime gone to a very good school in which to learn the meaning of peace. Yet the peace they understand is merely the absence of fighting with arms; whereas the peace Belloc has in mind means that, and much else besides. (Above all, it means submission of our will to God's; but I need not go into that now.) There is another passage, in a lovely little book on Portugal written by the English traveler Martin Hume some forty years ago, that gives a glimpse of the peace Belloc found in the cloistered garden of Tarragona; and as it sums up better than any words of my own invention might what it is that draws me to Portugal, I will quote it.

As the carriage clattered over the cobblestones, through the narrow streets of the town, and so into the beautiful alameda and the public garden, there rose as if from the end of the alameda the giant granite peak of the Penha, all glorified and transfigured by the setting sun. The mountain, almost sheer as seen from this side, seemed to tower right overhead; green woods clothed its sides up the quarter part of its height, and then, like a wall, sprang a precipice of bare scarred rock, now orange and purple against a violet sky. . . . As I gazed, entranced at the changing color of the sunset on the peak—orange deepening to crimson and to bronze, purple fading by soft degrees to slaty blue, and the rose-pink of the growing after-glow softening the rugged outlines with tender light—there came the clanging of an acolyte's bell, and across the alameda there wound a devout little procession bearing the Host, with flaming tapers, swinging censers, priests, and choristers. . . . Guimarães in the gathering twilight took me back in one happy moment to the ages long ago, when simple faith unbroken reigned, and all was beautiful and all was true.

Perhaps I ought to say that I have made a date with my longing for peace on the alameda of Guimarães, and let it go at that.

An Anti-nazi Odyssey

ALFRED MISSONG

IN THE galleries of the "Wiener Künstlerhaus" an anti-fascist exhibit is now on display under the title "Never forget." Day after day visitors crowd these rooms; competent guides explain the material to them. All that can be graphically depicted is assembled here: the gradual rise of the Hitler movement, its climax, its systematic preparation for war, the robbery, murder, looting; and finally its miserable collapse due to the onslaught of allied arms and steadily increased internal resistance in the face of deadly terror. The lectures given by scholars, writers and statesmen who underwent that brown inferno intensify the effect of the pictures. Whoever views this exhibit with understanding and feels its total impact, will unconditionally agree with the appeal: Never forget!

My family and I need no such reminder. Even the waters of Lethe could not erase that memory for me. The horror and calamity that nazism brought upon us have been engraved too deeply, but not with hate and revenge. Not only was I given strength to endure the terror; I was spared the desire to repay my persecutors in their own coin.

When the flags of Austria were still proudly flying in the wind, trying to tell us the good news that our country had negotiated a peaceful understanding with the big brown brother in the north, I knew that the road taken by us with every good intention would inevitably lead to catastrophe. The hyena in Berlin would not be satisfied with mere candy, but demanded more substantial food. But Austria was weak, her authoritarian régime, unsupported by the working masses, was viewed with suspicion abroad and was offered no aid. She was forced to bury her head in the sands and wait for a miracle. Instead of this miracle, there came the eleventh of March, 1938, the darkest day in our history.

I was at my desk completing a manuscript on the future of Austria when the telephone call of a friend told me that the plebiscite had been canceled by order of Germany. The Schuschnigg Government had resigned. My decision was swiftly made: I must leave Austria, the country would surely become Hitler's field of experiment and maneuver. As a political writer and also a "Papist" who for years had led the journalistic fight against the German urge for expansion—my first article against fascism had been published in 1924—I could scarcely hope to be overlooked by the Gestapo. And even if I had been spared, it would still mean the end of my career. I packed my suitcase and said goodbye to wife and children, and to my old mother. They were to follow as soon as I had found refuge and a chance to make a living abroad.

With two colleagues—one of them an emigré from Germany—I rushed by car through the night toward the Czech border. But there was no escape. The SA had already hermetically sealed that frontier and arrested all suspects who tried to flee the "liberation," including ourselves. Only my German colleague escaped by swimming across the March to the Czech bank. Goering's Luftwaffe was roaring over Austrian land when the police took us on March 12 to a prison in Vienna. We had to be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves.

Today I am still surprised at my coolness. Probably because my guardian angel was at my side and because for so long had I contemplated

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falling into the hands of Himmler's hangmen. For the first time I saw the inside of a prison. Everything was going full blast. New throngs of stunned and helpless people who had been seized anywhere or taken from their apartments by terror squads flocked together in the reception room. The usual procedures: registration, complete search of my person, abusive remarks and insults from the guards, and finally incarceration. Mine was a cell for one person, but there were already twelve men lying in all directions on the floor. I was the thirteenth. The next day, a Sunday, brought the first great test of nerves. When I was taken to a mysterious attic looking like a devil's kitchen, I made my peace with God. I was certain to be killed outright or flogged to death. But it ended harmlessly enough. Himmler merely needed my picture and fingerprints for his "rogues gallery."

Then everything remained quiet for a few days until the "Gentlemen from the Reich" came to inspect their Viennese victims and to gloat over their fear. They especially favored our cell because the Jewish financier Bosel was there. We were insulted and slapped and somehow got used to it. The next shock was a night alarm. Long after midnight we were driven in groups from our cells to a big hall. Here were many well known aristocrats, Rothschild and the two Viennese mayors Seitz and Schmitz. Registration! A semi-illiterate who hardly knew how to handle the typewriter drew up the first document for Missong, prisoner under "protective custody." He wanted to know my political antecedents and if I had ever committed "Rassenschande" (a crime against the Nuremberg Laws). The reason for this night session was alleged to be a decree of Maria Theresa, who however could scarcely have thought of political prisoners in "protective custody."

Then weeks passed in waiting, worrying, hunger and hope, but without learning what was to be done to us. Criminal prisoners were entitled to be examined within twenty-four hours. We had no rights whatsoever, as we were considered enemies of the people. Suddenly they remembered me. I was called and sent to the courthouse jail. Would they take regular legal action against me? No, it was only a question of "regrouping." More room was needed in the police prison for the large crowds of newly arrived anti-fascists. The cell here was bigger but there were again thirteen inmates. I was in good company. University professors, aristocrats, journalists, lawyers. Gradually I became reconciled to being a prisoner of the Fuehrer. It was an honor to suffer as a standard-bearer for Austria and as a fighter for the Church. Especially during Passion-week, which had just begun.

More and more reports came of the large transports which had already left Vienna for Dachau and its concentration camp. When would my turn come? And what of my wife and three children? Mentally I went through all the agonies and tortures characteristic of the régime until at last I stood before the man in charge of my case, a blue-eyed, blond SS man with a rasping North German accent. He examined me for two hours. He personally was somewhat better than the system he served. Thank God, he ignored my political antecedents, and apparently did not find me too dangerous. He pleaded for my release, which I received informally ten days later. Now I possessed "freedom," but I knew I could no longer remain in Austria without exposure to further persecution. This time I managed to reach Switzerland. Due to the hospitality of friends, my family was soon able to follow me.

★

Now began a beggar's existence for five people without a country, who under no circumstance wanted to become Germans, but to remain Austrians, Europeans. We cannot be grateful enough for the help we received from Catholics in that country of the most ancient democracy. And yet, it was alms bread that we ate and it was a foreign country in which we lived. We could not think of remaining in Switzerland. There was great unemployment and no chance for an immigrant to earn a living. We carried on a lengthy correspondence with friends in France, Belgium, Holland and overseas. Sometimes we glimpsed a ray of hope on the darkened horizon but no lifeline was thrown to us. Each day we felt more a burden to our hosts, and when finally an invitation from Yugoslavia reached us, we accepted at once, although we feared it might lead us into a trap.

The 30 hours' journey was via Italy and into the Backa, where Maria Theresa had once founded a Swabian criminal settlement. We found a modest home on an estate connected with the name of the aristocratic family of Chotek (the wife of the Austrian Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand, who was assassinated in Serajevo, was a Chotek). The Swabians there were fanatical nazis as well as morally degenerate creatures. They regarded us as "Jews" and "English spies." They did whatever harm they could to us—*pour le roi de Prusse!*"

In this deserted corner of the earth we witnessed the heroic death struggle of the Yugoslav people and had to meet our own ruin, because the American visa failed to come, traveling funds were unobtainable and the borders were kept hermetically closed. My wife put herself at the disposal of the Yugoslav Red Cross. I associated only with Serbs, who fully trusted me and considered me as one of their own. On Palm Sunday, 1941, the German bombers which raided unsuspecting Belgrade like cunning murderers, roared

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over our village, and one week later Yugoslavia no longer existed. The Swabian peasants assumed command in the village and immediately brought the "English spy" before their "court." Four men with guns led me through the village street; my wife followed at a distance in despair. I shall never forget how proud the Serbs were of me then! Some day I hope to see those brave people again. I have the greatest respect for them. The Swabian "tribunal" played Gestapo; the chairman already worn the uniform of the SA. The most stupid accusations were brought up against me, but finally I was released; no evidence could be found, and in the meantime Hungarian troops had already marched in.

What would our future be now? Our hosts had gone to England and their estate with its scant resources was forced to economize drastically. I tried Budapest. There was even a chance of some journalistic work there. But the German legation had already received instructions from Vienna to search for me and to arrange my deportation into the Reich. When my wife reported to the legation for extension of her passport, she was arrested there, and a few hours later we were both taken to the police jail in Budapest. Our children, looked after by friends, were in mortal fear for us. This new imprisonment lasted ten days; then we were sent to Vienna. This journey under police escort was our most bitter trial in these years of misery and injustice. Now everything seemed futile, all sacrifice to no avail. Again we were returning into the hands of the merciless Gestapo—this time burdened with the suspicion of desertion and plotting with the "enemy." If my tormentors in Vienna were now better informed about me, there was little hope. The children with a premonition of trouble clung to me and fought back their tears.

As the train pulled into the East Station of Vienna, the Gestapo man now in charge of my case was waiting to receive me. With drawn revolver he arrested me; the pleading and crying of my children did not move him. Once again I was sitting in the prison van; once again I was put in jail. The order for "protective custody" cited the so-called Law of Assumption which was to the effect that anyone could be put behind bars, if it might be assumed that he was showing a hostile attitude toward the National-Socialist régime. From their point of view the brown gangsters were right: I was their sworn enemy. But they were again unable to find the evidence, although no less than six Gestapo men cross-examined me for hours. They held me prisoner for a few weeks and finally released me with severe warnings: I was not to leave Vienna, I had to report twice a week to the police, register for duty in the armed forces, and avoid all contact with political suspects.

Back in my home in Vienna with my family I thought I could breathe more freely again. But every ring at the door could mean another house search and a fresh arrest, every telephone call a summons to the Gestapo. I lived like a hunted animal in a town that had become completely alien and hostile to me. The Hitler-dominated press reported victory after victory but I knew and never doubted for a moment that those who would carry away the corpse of the Greater German Barbarian State were already standing on the threshold. I tried my best to hasten the day of reckoning. A lawyer's office took me as a clerk. I played lawyer and thus was able to bring consolation and help to many of Hitler's victims. The doctors of the resistance movement claimed the worst diseases for me and instructed me how to feign them. There actually were many more dangerous investigations in the following years; continuous alertness and the greatest caution were my constant companions. But I was spared wearing the uniform of the corporal from Braunau, since the Volkssturm declared me unworthy.

The period of waiting for the *dies resurrectionis Austriae* seemed long indeed. But the rejoicing was all the greater when my native town, under the protection of the Russian army, in those memorable days of April, 1945, covered her ruins and smoking debris once more with the red-white-red flags. Politics called me and I followed, because I can never forget the shame of the nazi régime or the European mission of Austria.

Communications

AMERICAN AUTHORS AUTHORITY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The sentiment inspired in me by the strictures upon the American Writers Association in the admirable article of Mr. H. L. Binsse on the American Authors Authority was not so much disagreement—although, of course, I do disagree—as astonishment that Mr. Binsse appears to find something discreditable in the "strange mixture" of political views represented by our membership. Have we reached the point in this country where a group of American citizens of disparate political views cannot organize to resist attack on fundamental American rights without being accused of "motives . . . so disparate that no principle can or does emerge from its statements except anti-communism"? Isn't it possible that interest in safeguarding freedom of the word is a motive which all members of this Association may hold in common, and a sufficient motive for concerted action against the Cain Plan?

Our statements have by no means placed their main stress on anti-communism. In the seven pages of our summary of the basis of our opposition to the Cain Plan, there is one reference to Communism as follows: "The fact that the originators of the scheme have been publicly

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accused of Communistic leanings should naturally cause authors to scrutinize the proposal with the utmost care."

In Miss Dorothy Thompson's speech, delivered as our spokesman at the meeting which we substituted on October 20th for the suddenly cancelled discussion meeting of the Authors League, Communism figures in one passing reference to the *New Masses* and another to the *Daily Worker*.

The American Writers Association is not impressed by the epithet "red-baiter." It has been too often applied to honest Americans by groups which want a monopoly of "baiting." It is a curious commentary on our age, I think, that American-baiting is a form of political sport which comes in for no criticism in our "liberal" press, while the only totalitarian movement which can be attacked with its approval is fascism of the German or Italian or native crackpot kind. I find it curious, too, that THE COMMONWEAL, which correctly describes Tito's communist dictatorship in terms equally applicable to Hitler's, can print, in an article in the same issue, a sentence contrasting alleged "notorious 'red-baiters'" with "admirable persons."

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE,
Secretary,
American Writers Association, Inc.

It should at once be stated that Miss LaFollette's letter is one of several making the same points. Because of her prominent association with the AWA, we print it alone, to save repetition and space. I hasten to grant that since the time when I wrote my article (early October) there have been statements sponsored by the AWA, especially Miss Thompson's to which Miss LaFollette refers, largely meeting the objections I took to the original material prepared by the AWA. Doubtless in error, I had attributed what seemed to me the lack of principle in early AWA statements to the mixed views of the writers constituting this group. Evidently I was wrong, and I am perfectly willing to grant that time has proved Miss LaFollette right. My use of the phrase "red baiting" was ambiguous. I was seeking to state the reasons why some writers had abstained from the AWA, and to paraphrase their own statements to me on the subject rather than to give any judgment of my own. It would perhaps have been better had I made this point absolutely explicit.

Meanwhile Mr. Emmet Lavery, president of the Screen Writers Guild, has sprung to the defense of the James M. Cain plan not only in our own columns (November 8) but elsewhere. Despite Mr. Lavery's long and carefully reasoned attempt to undermine my objections to this scheme, I remain quite unconvinced, and would suggest to Mr. Lavery that these objections of mine stem from the very simple principle of the economy of means. There is always the danger in using a bludgeon to kill a fly that you will break some window panes in the process, and although I fully grant that my analogy is exaggerated, I equally believe that Mr. Cain's means are themselves exaggerated. I am afraid that there is some truth in the allegation of Mr. James Farrell that writing for Hollywood has its psycopathic effects.—HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

The Stage & Screen

No Exit

AS A VEHICLE for the transient philosophy of "Existentialism," M. Sartre's piece is interesting; as a play, it is very well-knit indeed. Contrived as a long one-act, the fable gives us three persons—one man, two women—arriving in a stained Second Empire Salon, which is hell. It is significant that none of these dead seem to have expected any other fate, and while I think they do possess, as characters, more than one dimension, it will be easier at the offset to list their salient story. One woman has been a practicing homosexual, having consciously caused the death of one person, the suicide of another; the second, something of a nymphomaniac, has killed her illegitimate child, thereby driving her lover to suicide; the man, most rounded character of the lot, an uncertain coward, has corrupted his wife's happiness and consistently rationalized his conscience. Arrived at their eternity, the three set about unwillingly to uncover their pasts, discover their present situation. The *action* begins with their separate entrances (there are of course no exits), but the *play* begins with the discovery that in hell there are neither tears, sleep nor privacy, and particularly there are no mirrors; so that while existence there seems necessary—if limited—it can only be proved, somehow or other, through relationships. And there ensues therefore a sequence of violent scenes among the three, with each one hoping to find life (or himself) through one of the others. The conclusion will be when the man, successless, despairingly cries, "Hell is the other people," and when in the following dead silence, the situation recoils; the plea for "mirrors" is again voiced; and as the curtain falls, the play begins once more. The climax of the argument has occurred earlier when in his scene with the Lesbian, the man is told, "You *are* your life and nothing else."

I do not honestly think it is necessary to spend great time over the philosophy at stake in this play. The untrained simplicities of such statements as "You *are* your life . . ." form upon examination, I think, really nothing more than slogans, clarions to profit, and are surely akin to all the more general clichés in any language. It is true the "Existentialists" grind their system somewhat smaller than this and, as has been suggested recently by Claude-Edmonde Magny, they seem to look upon it as a new kind of secular religion; which is to say a religion without a god and without a devil. On the other hand, among all the judgments of this play, there has been one critic—Alexandre Astruc in John Lehmann's current Yearbook—who has detected a Christian facet to the work. And this will be that it is the common lack of charity of the three protagonists which builds their fate. This is their shared guilt. Having indulged each in a passionate scorn of love, they have been of course wholly committed to reason and from thence, to illusion, and from thence (finally), to hell. I would be a good deal more admiring

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of this judgment if I could feel that such an interpretation were part of M. Sartre's scheme; but quite truthfully, having read the small portion of his work available, plus everything possible concerning its purpose, I can distinguish little between his projection of hell and his theory of life. And, antithetically, his omission of heaven, even in rejection, would seem a rather uneducated prejudice.

On the esthetic level, however, he has dealt a tight absorbing drama. And it is fine to record that its American working seemed scrupulous to me. Paul Bowles's translation suffered, I imagine, some political and perhaps *physical* changes but proved eminently playable, and John Huston's unaffected direction starred it neatly. It is impossible to choose among the thoughtful players—Claude Dauphin, Annabella, and Ruth Ford—all of whom were, I thought, magnificent. And also impossible not again to laurel Oliver Smith as the intelligent producer. Certainly, on any level, it will be obvious that this is to be seriously seen. (*At the Royale.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Pursuit of Happiness

TWO OF THE year's biggest films have just had splashy world premieres in New York City. These openings, attended by stars, socialites, a great deal of fanfare and a large number of just plain people, will eventually be followed by bookings throughout the country, some of which may not occur till well in 1947, but all of which will be widely advertised in local papers. However, for the average audience, the film's the thing; and what the moviegoer wants to know is not who wore mink at the opening, but is the picture any good. To start with, both films have these points in common: they were made at great expense with star-studded casts; they are based on mediocre books that gave no great promise as material for movies.

"The Best Years of Our Lives" stems from "Glory for Me," a novel in blank verse by MacKinlay Kantor about returning fighters. Neither Kantor's verse nor his contrived plot that mixed cynicism with sentimentality could have inspired Samuel Goldwyn to make this fine film. But Producer Goldwyn saw the problems of the book's three veterans as the problems of thousands of returning American war "heroes." He chose Robert E. Sherwood to write the script and William Wyler to direct it. They have done a magnificent job. It is always difficult to give exact credits for the excellence of any movie, because the efforts of producers, writers, directors, photographers and actors combine to make a fortunate whole. Such is the case with this film.

Sherwood took the characters and settings from Kantor's book, supplanted the storybookish elements with realism and wrote a script that is straightforward and honest. At times it is bitter, at times slightly sentimental, but it is always lifelike. Director Wyler fashioned this script into a stirring film. In spite of the fact that his cast has several top-ranking stars, Wyler has succeeded in making these people as real as your neighbors. This natural tone is further heightened by the realistic sets. Boone City is as American as Cincinnati, Ohio (where many of the background scenes were shot), and Gregg Toland's excellent photography glamorizes neither the place nor the people who live in it.

So three men, apprehensively and hopefully, return to Boone City: a young Air Corps captain (Dana Andrews) with a chest full of ribbons finds the bride (Virginia Mayo) he married 20 days before he went overseas is a tramp; a middle-aged sergeant (Frederic March) finds himself embarrassed by the long absence from his devoted wife (Myrna Loy), and finds that his daughter (Teresa Wright) and his son have changed and grown up, that he's a misfit as a bank vice-president ("Last year it was kill Japs; this year it's make money"); a sailor (Harold Russell) who is returning with hooks instead of hands, finds he cannot face his family, especially his fiancée (Cathy O'Donnell). How these men (and women, too, for the problems are as vital to non-combatants as to the veterans) adjust themselves makes absorbing filmfare.

It would be unfair to single out any performance in a picture so notable for good acting, but mention must be made of Myrna Loy's consistently sensitive portrayal of an understanding wife and mother, of Frederic March's poignant and humorous drunk scene followed by next day's hangover, of Teresa Wright's effective underplaying of the young girl who first sympathizes with her father's friend, the unhappily married captain, then shocks her parents by admitting her love for him and her intention of breaking up his marriage. We are deeply touched by this mother and father, and by the daughter too when she mentally slaps their faces a second time by saying they don't understand her position because they have always had things so easy. But if any one performance stirs us to tears, it is the *tour de force* acting of Harold Russell. He is not a professional actor; he is actually a veteran who lost both his hands during the war and learned to use prosthetic hooks expertly. Under Wyler's extremely careful direction, this young man relives his story before the camera; and it is not only the loss of his hands that is so disturbing, but the reactions of his family and girl as they guiltily torture themselves before they all reach understanding and adjustment.

High praise must go to the men and women who play these lead rôles so well, but applause is also due to the good supporting cast: Hoagy Carmichael, Roman Bohnen, Minna Gombell and the many others. Perhaps this picture, running almost three hours, is a bit too long, but I, for one, would not have it cut. Through Wyler's first-rate cinematic direction which includes many sequences of revealing detail, through Sherwood's intelligent script which includes silences during which T-[illegible] photography speaks eloquently, through Goldwyn's production with an outstanding cast, a really good motion picture has been made.

"The Razor's Edge" also tells the story of a fighter who returns from war and is not happy with what he finds. Based on W. Somerset Maugham's pretentious novel, it has been made into a pretentious movie which at times is not a motion picture at all. Lamar Trotti's script, remaining too faithful to Maugham's book, is

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static and verbose; Director Edmund Goulding allows his characters to stand around and talk the plot. Producer Darryl F. Zanuck gathered a glittering cast to enact the rôles; although they look handsome in their fine clothes, they are given little opportunity to act.

The story itself is greatly to blame. It opens in Chicago in 1919. Larry Darrell (Tyrone Power), who was a flyer in the late war, cannot find peace (or the answers to the questions disturbing him) in the upper crust society that has been his background. He leaves his fiancée, travels, reads, and looks for contentment of soul. His long, restless search leads to India where a Holy Man gives him a lecture about worship, good works and the pursuit of knowledge. Larry goes up in the mountains, has a mystical experience, and returns to Paris—unshaven but with his face glowing with glory.

"The Razor's Edge" is pretty vague about the answers to Larry's questions concerning life and death. But Larry himself, though still searching, is happier. Along with the story's watered philosophical themes, the plot reveals what happens to Larry's more mundane friends. Isabel (Gene Tierney), his ex-fiancee who refused to marry Larry and live on his $3,000 a year, marries his wealthy friend (John Payne), who loses his riches in the stock market crash. Sophie (Anne Baxter) goes completely to the dogs when her husband and child are killed; and Larry's attempts to save her are destroyed by jealous Isabel. Isabel's uncle (played by Clifton Webb as a caricature of a vicious snob) dies in the arms of the Church, glowing with happiness as he refuses an invitation to a swank party. During these loosely woven plot machinations, Herbert Marshall (portraying Maugham, the teller of the story) wanders in and out of the scenes looking very pained about the proceedings, and very cynical indeed about the future of these foolish, foolish people. With his final observation about goodness being a great force in this world, one readily agrees; but as to his additional remark that Larry has acquired this goodness, one would need more evidence than is displayed in this tiresome movie. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

The CIO Convention

THERE is a good deal of dissatisfaction going round on the subject of the recent CIO convention in Atlantic City. Some of this is well taken, or well felt, and some is not. Things, in other words, might have been much worse. The critics maintain that it was up to the CIO to clear itself of the charge of Communist sympathy. And they say that it failed to do so. But did it fail? The answer is yes and no, and so far this piece is a combination of double talk and weasel words, or what might better be called a double weasel. It sounds like a convention resolution itself.

To be specific, perhaps the most practical action on the CP question was not taken by the convention at all, but by the executive board meeting just prior to the main event. The board, which has direct control over all CIO local and state Industrial Councils, changed the rules to forbid such councils to make pronouncements on national and international issues unless the national CIO had already ruled on such questions. It also barred councils from sending delegates to organizations not recognized by the national CIO, and finally, it rearranged the voting rules.

These councils, theoretically composed of all CIO unions in a given city or state, are among the main channels of communist propaganda. Because anti-CP's don't go to meetings and CP's nearly always do, there have been a number of them—New York, Detroit, San Franciso, etc.—which the Stalinists have taken control of and used as their own pretty playthings. The new rules were passed especially to meet this situation, to make it more difficult for the CP's to pack meetings, and to limit their activity when and if they have packed successfully. The rules would never have been suggested if the CIO itself were not controlled by anti-Communists. That much was progress.

There were a few other gains made. The convention delegates passed a resolution stating that "they resent and reject efforts of the Communist Party or other political parties and their adherents to interfere in the affairs of the CIO. This convention serves notice that we will not tolerate such interference." The CP's fought hard against this in committee, although they finally voted for it on the convention floor. They didn't like the assumption that the CP did interfere. They didn't like the failure to mention by name other parties and organizations. They tried hard, and failed, to win the inclusion of Trotskyites, Socialists and the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. Nor did they like Phil Murray, re-elected president, saying that the CIO "owes its allegiance to but one country, and it is not the purpose of this union to permit any group to inject doctrines that are false and that do not comport themselves to the beliefs, the American beliefs, of the CIO. . . . This organization is not, and must not be, Communist-controlled and inspired." That seems clear.

Another thing the CP's did not like was the dumping of Reid Robinson, a loyal fellow-traveler who has just been re-elected president of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers in a close and disputed election. Robinson was formerly one of the nine CIO vice-presidents. Lately he has been under attack in his own union, not only for his Party-lining, but also for soliciting a $5,000 loan from an employer with whom the union has a contract. This was an excellent excuse for Murray and other anti-CP's to refuse to support him for re-election to his CIO post. Elected in his place was Walter Reuther, new president of the auto workers and a smart, articulate opponent of Communism who is badly needed in the top councils of the CIO. This too was progress. It left the CP's with only one entirely reliable stooge among the top officers: Fitzgerald of the United Electrical Workers.

One other item on the credit side: an eloquent new preamble to the CIO constitution was passed, a preamble which lines up the CIO on the side of democracy in the Western, not the Eastern, sense of the word. This document includes such lines as the following: "we oppose all those who would violate this American emphasis of respect for human dignity, all those who would use power to exploit the people in the interest of alien loyalties." Could have been even more explicit perhaps, but in the context at Atlantic City this too seems fairly clear.

And so we pass to a consideration of the debit side.

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The resolution on Communist interference, for example, was almost as difficult to swallow for many anti-CP's as it was for the CP's. It contained no explicit repudiation of Communism as such. It may have been strong in its pledge of loyalty to America and to free American institutions, the Four Freedoms, etc., and this pledge implies a repudiation of Communism—true. But if so, why not say it right out loud? For it is exactly the confusion on this question in the minds of many CIO members that is most dangerous to the future of that organization. And the CP's, being smart apples, have now added to that confusion by voting for the resolution.

The basic trouble was with Murray himself. He wanted an anti-Communist resolution and at the same time he wanted one that the Communists would accept. In other words, what he wanted most of all was to avoid a fight. The CP's also wanted to avoid a fight, even more than Murray, because they agreed with Murray that if it came to a fight they would probably be licked. By its very nature the resulting compromise was what it was: unsatisfactory to everyone but Murray.

Phil Murray has not been well. He is a tired man who wanted to resign. He was not allowed to resign by the anti-CP's and the middle-roaders because they could not agree on anyone else who could do as well. Until the day they can find someone else, or until Murray either regains his physical strength or discovers the moral strength to put up a fight, or until anti-CP's increase their pressure to the point where Murray must fight or quit—until one or another of these days, there will be no clear-cut action taken on the Communist issue in a CIO convention. That is a prediction, and a fairly safe one.

There were other things on the debit side. To prevent another fight on the vice-presidencies Murray agreed to support the retention of his friend, R. J. Thomas, ex-president of the auto workers, although that would mean two vice-presidents from the same union. Thomas, middle-roader who has been veering further and further of late toward the CP shoulder, was acceptable to delegates on that side. As a result Murray persuaded O. A. Knight of the oil workers, the anti-CP candidate, to withdraw at the last minute. So was lost the opportunity to get rid of a weak reed.

Still another minor victory for the Communists was the foreign policy resolution, which Lee Pressman, CIO counsel and secretary of the resolutions committee, maneuvered skilfully past that committee with a unanimous vote and onto the floor on the last day, when many of the delegates had left and the others were clamoring for adjournment. The floor opposition was about 15 per-cent. For letting this happen the anti-CP's on the resolutions committee should be made to stay after school and read the newspapers for at least one year. Perhaps next time they will not be quite so foolish.

Although there are a few items in the resolution that the intelligent observer could have applied as a criticism of Russia, once again there is no *explicit* criticism of that country's conduct in Eastern Europe, Iran, Asia, the UN or anywhere else. There is no call for abolition of the veto in the UN. On the other hand, there are several *explicit* criticisms of American policy, notably in regard to the very complex question of China and the slightly less complex questions of Spain, Argentina and the atom bomb.

Once again this resolution highlights the failure of Catholics and other democratic elements to do a really effective job of education in the labor movement. The fact is that the CP's are well-grounded on these questions and the anti-CP's, generally speaking, don't know any more about China or the UN than they know about atomic fission.

Finally, there was nothing done or, apparently, even said about the retention of Pressman himself as CIO counsel and Len DeCaux as an even more dangerous mouthpiece for CP propaganda in his job as head of CIO News and all CIO publicity. This is bad, and it gets worse with ever passing year, month and day.

There were other things said and done at Atlantic City besides those that involved the Communist menace. There were some things that were concerned with the capitalist menace. The CIO, with all its faults, is still the most militant, honest and, in the good sense, progressive of all the organizations that pretend to speak for the workingmen in this country. There was the campaign to organize the South (256 elections won, 45 lost and 215 more filed for). There were the actions on interracial justice. There was the notice served that the CIO would not stand idly by while the rich got richer and the poor got poorer.

And Murray, with all his faults, was still tempering the militancy of the delegates with a sense of responsibility and a sense of caution, and some indication that the CIO would not try to wreck the American economy à la John L. Lewis.

But it was only right that the Communist issue should have attracted the most attention. To date the sound majoriy of the CIO, and its leadership, have been on the defensive against its troublesome CP minority. Until they have developed the strength and the energy to get off the defensive and go onto the offensive, both ideologically and organizationally, until the tide has definitely been turned and the counter-attack has gotten well across the Rhine, the CIO will remain weak and incapable of winning the basic loyalties of American workers and the American public. For the good of America, that day can come none too soon.

JOHN C. CORT.

Books of the Week

Of Making Many Books. Roger Burlingame. Scribners. $3.75.

MOST HISTORIES of publishing houses—issued to commemorate the passing of their first century of life—constitute pretty dull reading and are mainly interesting to the managers and proprietors of the business in case. The New York firm of Scribner's, this year celebrating its hundredth birthday, is an exception. Mr. Roger Burlingame was retained to write the history of this house, and he has done a quite exceptionally interesting job which, by the way, has been given a thoroughly pleasant physical form. "Of Making Many Books" is unlikely to become a best seller, yet it deserves many readers, especially among those who take some interest in the process whereby imagination and thought are laboriously translated into printed words for our more or less permanent enjoyment or enlightenment. For what Mr. Burlingame has done is not so much to write a day by day, play by play, account of what Scribner's has done during the past hundred years as to try to make clear to a reader how a publisher actually functions in the process of creating literature.

The discussion, during recent months, of the American Authors' Authority should have centered at least a certain

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amount of professional opinion upon the relative functions of the author and the publisher. That it has not done so is an indication how little even writers themselves realize the part the publisher plays in bringing them before their audience. Of course, some books are finished once they have been written and the manuscript has been delivered to the publisher. But this happens so infrequently that such mss. are almost freaks. Poetry, by its nature, is the most likely to reach the publisher in final form, yet even here the publisher occasionally plays his part in rearranging or cutting or omitting. Poetry, however, is the great exception, and the rôle it plays, for better or for worse, in our contemporary society is certainly minor.

What is the usual case history of a manuscript from the time when its author thinks it is finished and the time when it is presented in the bookstores between covers? Let us assume that a given publisher has agreed to accept the book. He will then, if he has any conscientiousness or real knowledge of his craft, turn it over to an experienced editor who will proceed to read it with a critical eye in order to determine how it might be improved. And in nine cases out of ten, that editor will see all sorts of changes necessary to make the book closer to its creators own heart's desire or necessary to obtain for it a wider or more sympathetic audience. And in this process lies the really significant contribution which a publisher makes to our culture.

Mr. Burlingame, since he is dealing with Scribner's, is in a particularly happy position to illustrate the workings of this process, since the firm with which he deals has been blessed with at least two peculiarly brilliant practitioners of the editorial art—Mr. Burlingame's own father and the current Maxwell Perkins. Mr. Perkins's relations to Thomas Wolfe and Scott Fitzgerald are already part of the American literary legend, and since Mr. Burlingame very largely restricts himself to discussing the affairs of authors now dead, it is with regard to these two that he principally writes. Yet we surely can expect that the literary historian of the future, if he knows what he is doing, will be forced to include many other relationships of the same sort which have proved equally fertile but which it would be quite improper to discuss while the persons involved are yet alive.

In a short review of this sort it would be impossible to convey to the layman how extraordinarily valuable an editor like Mr. Perkins can be, not merely to his employer but, from the point of view of broader utility, to the author and to the public that author enchants. Mr. Burlingame has contributed a long-view chapter to literary history in the pages he has devoted to this subject, and I urgently recommend that Mr. James M. Cain and some of his supporters among the professional writers of this country read and meditate what Mr. Burlingame says. Perhaps they are so used to thinking in terms of "story conferences" that they will utterly fail to understand what I and Mr. Burlingame are talking about. I sincerely hope that this is not the case, for were the working team of book publisher and author to suffer a seriously changed relationship, I cannot conceive that the consequences would be useful to anyone, and there is a good deal of danger that because this relationship is so little known, let alone understood, some scheme like the AAA might seriously disrupt it.

Of course, there are other things in "Of Making Many Books." It informs the ordinary reader on many aspects of book publishing to which little public attention is given—the business of subscription sets, textbooks, religious books, etc. It gives a clear picture of the mechanical processes involved in putting a really finished manuscript through the mill. It contains its share of amusing anecdotes, witty remarks, and plain chronology. And, finally, it has a considerable wealth of interesting quotations from letters exchanged between publisher and author, some of the most readable involving Henry James, Theodore Roosevelt, Richard Harding Davis and Thomas Wolfe. Of course we must remember that the Scribners' story includes also Robert Louis Stevenson, Edith Wharton, Gertrude Atherton and a host of other great figures—the wealth on which Mr. Burlingame could draw must have been one of the greatest obstacles to the writing of this book.

One finishes reading what Mr. Burlingame has written with a feeling of gratitude. Any business which has had a history of a hundred years inevitably must have made mistakes, and Mr. Burlingame does not try to conceal this—he tells with some wit, for instance, how the house missed its chance to publish Emily Dickinson. But no matter how many mistakes may have been made, no matter how much stuffiness may have been shown, one comes away with a feeling that one has been reading about four generations of honorable people honestly seeking to make a contribution to something more than their own pocketbooks.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Australia: The Catholic Chapter. James G. Murtagh. Sheed. $3.00.

AUSTRALIA is among the youngest nations. It is only 158 years since the first settlers landed on that continent. For most of that time Australia has been wrapped in isolation, and absorbed in their own affairs her people have cleared the wilderness, fenced the sheep runs, built towns and cities and experimented in politics and economics, with only occasional notice from the rest of the world. In 1900 came the federation of the six states, and fourteen years later the young Commonwealth of Australia, with the declaration of war on Germany, was thrust into world affairs. In the following years Australia was an exporting country, severely involved in the international economic upheavals, but politically she remained isolated, feeling little desire to establish permanent contacts with other nations or to formulate a foreign policy. The second World War abruptly exposed her to invasion; her long isolation was finally ended and she quickly found she must fend for herself. Today in international councils in San Francisco, in Paris, in New York, Australian delegates have established a firm reputation in world affairs.

This is the recent background, but there are few who are familiar with the historical story leading to it. In this admirable book, Father J. G. Murtagh tells that story as seen through the eyes of an Australian Catholic. Written in a vigorous style, drawing copiously on original sources, and skilfully weaving excerpts from these sources into the text, he has produced a firstrate book. Once the struggle for recognition of the Church had been achieved, Australian Catholics played a large part in the growing colony. Writing of "the monk turned agitator" the author tells of the work of the first Vicar-General of New South Wales (1833-1840) a young English Benedictine, William Bernard Ullathorne, who was but twenty-seven years of age when he arrived in

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the colony to take up his post. He was a principal figure in the movement to end the transportation of convicts to Australia. Afterwards he became Archbishop of Birmingham, and played a leading part in the re-establishment of the English hierarchy, a development which had already been preceded by the establishment in 1842 of an Australian hierarchy.

The struggle for religious education was lost in Australia as elsewhere, but the Catholics were not alone in their losing fight, as is evidenced by the words of the Anglican Bishop of Melbourne at the time:

> I will not join the howl against Rome. . . . Can I forget that Roman Catholics with all their errors love my Redeemer and that having such love, they are nearer to my heart than the most enlightened secularist who reviles or disavows Him? Let others do as they please, I will never unite with secularists against Rome to keep Christ out of the schools of this colony.

Father Murtagh's description of the relation of the Church to the growing labor movement is of particular current interest. Significant in Australian development has been the vigorous social leadership of the Church. In the 90's, Australia entered her most creative decade, but a period torn with labor strife. Beginning in 1890 a wave of strikes and lockouts swept throughout the country; violence threatened; unionism was branded as revolution. In this atmosphere, Cardinal Moran, the Archbishop of Sydney, announced in an interview:

> I am certainly not opposed to it (unionism) so long as labor unions are kept free of abuse. I see no reason why labor should not combine. . . . But while combining in our own times to resist tyranny, the labor organizations must exercise every care not to practice themselves what they rightly denounce in others.

Not content with words, Cardinal Moran took the initiative in meeting the strikers, and labored, though unsuccessfully, to bring agreement. Not long after, he addressed a public meeting in the "Rights and Duties of Labor" in which he announced: "The cause of labor should also have its representatives in Parliament." Later Cardinal Moran took a prominent part in the movement for the federation of Australia, and when the time came to elect the national convention to write the constitution, he took the unexpected step of offering himself as a candidate for election "as an individual only, not as a Cardinal or as head of the Catholic Church, but as an Australian colonist."

The rise of the Australian Labor Party in the following years with the strong support of the Catholic population made immediate such issues as the support that could be given by Catholics to socialism or at least to increasing doses of it. In 1929 when Labor was returned to power under a Catholic Prime Minister, James H. Scullin, the matter was brought to a head. The Coadjutor Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Michael Sheehan—incidentally, the author of a volume of apologetics widely used in the United States—announced that the Church condemned "socialism mixed up with errors, philosophical and religious; not the socialism that is purely philanthropic and humanitarian. . . . Without any strain on his religious principles, the Catholic worker in Australia may safely continue his struggle for the improvement of his conditions and for the removal of economic evils in the State."

This statement provoked further queries: "Was it a grave sin for the Catholic to support even that scheme of socialism that would make the State the owner of all wealth producing capital?" To this question the Archbishop replied that the Church would not regard material socialism (i.e., a socialism which has no quarrel with religion or philosophy) as morally sound, even though it were freely and unanimously accepted by the citizens of a state, but at the same time he pointed to the evils of uncontrolled capitalism.

Father Murtagh concludes with a discussion of the remarkable social program outlined by the bishops. In 1940 the bishops established a "Social Justice Sunday" as an annual observance of the ecclesiastical year and issued a statement of social principles. They reaffirmed a previous appeal for an adequate family wage and the establishment of child endowment. They pointed to the need for rental purchase schemes to allow wage earners to acquire homes, and enunciated the principle of the reorganization of society on occupational lines, bringing together in associations those with common interests in any trade, industry or occupation and reconstituting society on vertical rather than horizontal lines. These principles have since been worked out in some detail in a report submitted to the federal government in 1943 by the national secretariat of Catholic Action, and a summary of the report was issued as the theme for "Social Justice Sunday" in the same year.

The strength of Catholics in the labor movement has brought the Church into close touch with advanced political and social movements through which the bishops have responded with enlightened leadership. Further, this fact preserves the Labor Party from tendencies to flirt with communism. In any case Marxist influences are small. Father Murtagh appropriately quotes a German writer, Wilhelm Nowack, to the effect that labor policy is not built on a great thought system, based on a *Weltanschauung;* it does not demand the establishment of a paradisal state of the future, but strives realistically after advantages which it is possible to obtain by exploiting the existing situation. Collectivism is the ideal of a small minority; practical reforms the policy of the dominating majority.

This book is an absorbing commentary on Australian history, and of particular relevance in its discussion of the Church and the social problem in a country where labor now holds the governing power of the State.

EDWARD LITTLEJOHN.

Color Blind. Margaret Halsey. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

IT IS NOT often that one can say of a book dealing with the problem of race prejudice that it is a delightful book, because the problem itself is an ugly one. Margaret Halsey, while not at all minimizing the ugly nature of the problem, has managed to write about it without sacrificing the sense of humor familiar to those who have read her other books. Nor does the light touch she brings to her discussion in any way destroy the penetration with which she reaches to the heart of the question.

Every sort of weapon can and must be used to combat racism. The bludgeon has its place and time as well as the rapier. Miss Halsey prefers the rapier and she wields it deftly and with consummate grace.

The author is not a sociologist nor a trained moralist. She is simply an intelligent woman who looks at the Negro and sees in him a human person like herself and

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sees with instant clarity that the way to react to the Negro is the way one reacts to any human person. How, in her work in a large USO canteen during the war, she carried this intuition into practice and with what results is the story she here tells.

The canteen she writes about swept all of the evasions and compromises aside and treated every individual who entered its doors as a human person without distinctions between colorful human persons and colorless human persons.

She does not pretend that no difficulties were encountered, but they were difficulties courageously, uncompromisingly, if tactfully, met, and hence readily overcome. And they were difficulties which will cease to exist once the non-discriminatory practices of this canteen become, as they must, general to our society.

In a chapter entitled "Would You Like Your Daughter to Marry One?" Miss Halsey meets this old red herring head on. She carries through in a fashion few have the courage to do and does so with insight and wit. It should be required reading.

Miss Halsey has seen quite simply and therefore intelligently that we must believe either that democratic ideals will work or that they will not work. In the latter case we should stop talking about them and abandon the pretense. In the former case we should start practicing them. Miss Halsey did, and found her life enriched.

GEORGE H. DUNNE.

Letters to Kermit from Theodore Roosevelt—1902-1908. *Edited by Will Irwin. Scribners.* $3.00.

"HOW CAN I play 'Bear' without a father?" once asked one of the little Roosevelt boys when the President was away because no matter what peace negotiations were in progress downstairs, pillowfights continued in the White House nursery. Often the President, on his way to a State dinner, had to return to his room to change his shirt after pausing to say goodnight to his youngest sons.

"Yes, I see him sometimes," replied Quentin, aged eight, to a reporter, "but I know nothing of his family life." That is where the letters are tremendously relevant in making a personal estimate of the man once so violently traduced, as in the whispering campaign about his private drinking bouts. Probably there has never been a more completely domesticated Chief Executive; and it was domestication in the lovelier sense—not harrowed like Lincoln's nor merely dutiful, but lived with enthusiasm by a statesman who breakfasted at a quarter past eight with his family and then walked through the gardens for half an hour with his wife—"pretty Mother always picking me a rose or some flower for my button-hole." When they came back from their nearly daily ride, Mr. Roosevelt dressed first for dinner while Mrs. Roosevelt read or chatted with the children and heard them their Bible lesson, then it was the President's turn with Cooper or Scott, a hunting story or a rough-house.

The letters were written every week to Kermit while he was at Groton. They start off with news of the dogs and horses; of rides with Mother; of the good time had wrestling or boxing with "Roly" Fortescue; playing single sticks with General Wood or "tickly" with the little boys. "I have collected a variety of treasures," the President writes triumphantly from the Coast. "One is a very small badger I have named Josiah—Josh. for short.—He

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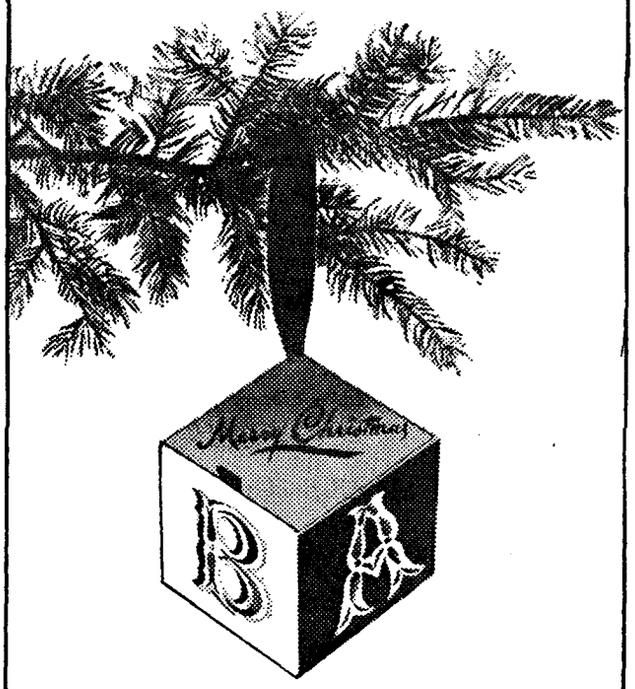

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THE LITURGICAL PRESS
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Collegeville, Minnesota

is very cunning and I hold him in my arms and pet him. I hope he will grow up friendly." An Oxford cousin once rallied him on the American misuse of the word "cunning." It was the favorite Rooseveltian family adjective. "The little boys are as cunning as ever"; "Tom Quartz is the cunningest kitten"; "Quentin has the cunningest weest live pig from Ambassador Straus." "Mother has been too pretty and cunning for words" recurs again and again. A very special Sunday treat was to take cross-country walks in Rock Creek Park. One snowy afternoon after Governor Beekman Winthrop had fallen down nine times, they emerged from the woods to have a panting Secret Service man announce, "Mr. President, we are shy the Ambassador." It was Jusserand.

Gradually the sense of companionship broadens. The President sends for a set of de Quincy when Kermit has to read him; he discusses their mutual pleasure in Dickens; in E. A. Robinson, whom Kermit discovered for himself; in rowing; in birds and in flowers. "I think I grow more fond of flowers every year." School problems are treated as seriously as world politics. "Don't worry about the lessons, old boy," wrote Roosevelt in 1904, "I know you are studying hard. Don't get cast down. Sometimes in life both in school and afterward, fortune will go against anyone, but if he just keeps pegging away and don't lose his courage, things always take a turn for the better." It was in 1904 that the letters become confidential and the President reviews the probable votes in the Electoral College, adding, "If things go wrong, remember we are very, very fortunate to have had three years in the White House." In 1908 comes the jubilant news of the African lion hunt to celebrate—or palliate—the retirement from office. Kermit is to be included. "If things go right, you and I will have a great experience which I can take because I have managed to win out in life and then you will have to show that it hasn't unsettled you but you will turn in and work all the harder in order to show that you can earn the right to have the fun."

Kermit did show it. He graduated from Harvard in two and a half years with his Groton classmates. Volunteering first with the British Army as he had in World War I, Major Roosevelt died in active service in Alaska in 1943. His boyhood love of animals, hunting and adventure never abated. He spoke and read eleven languages, including Swahili, Urdu, Arabic and Romany and, what was better, still preserved the Roosevelt heritage of quick interest in everything life can offer. "I am pegging away at four or five speeches" had written his father in 1907, "by mid-June I hope to get to Oyster Bay and have a really good time—not that I am not having a first class time now!" It will be difficult for even a Democrat to deny that between 1901-1908 the White House was a first class American home.

Will Irwin has written explanatory prefaces to the chapters of current events and an illuminating cast of characters.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Thunder Out of China. Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby. Sloane. $3.00.

TO THIS reviewer, the greatest service performed by this book is the emphasis it gives to one of the great upheavals of modern times, the resurgence of Asia. This tremendous revolution is still continuing, and it is a highly dynamic movement which, if not properly channeled, can change the face of society in a devastating way.

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The authors have chosen to write of one aspect of this movement in their stimulating work. Their selection happens to be the story of contemporary China and American policy in that strife-ridden land.

Theodore H. White is a native Bostonian who won a newsboys' scholarship at Harvard where he majored in the study of the Far East and took three years of Chinese. His preparations served him in good stead for the work which he undertook in 1939 to report events in the Orient. Since that year, he has traveled some 200,000 miles throughout the Far East and has witnessed many exciting happenings which he reported for *Time* and *Life*. His co-author, a Stanford graduate of 1937 and the widow of Melville Jacoby, experienced Far Eastern newspaper observer, served with White in the Chungking bureau of Mr. Luce's publications during the China war.

The product they have combined to fashion on the subject of Nationalist China, American Far Eastern policy, and the revival of Russian power and prestige in the Orient is far from pretty. Their study of the Kuomintang reveals its defects in a glaring way. By contrast, the Chinese communists appear in a somewhat more favorable light, despite obvious efforts at striking a balance by presenting two sides of this sanguinary conflict for control. There are some pointblank questions raised which the communists must find difficult to answer.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek does not emerge from these pages in a very satisfactory light. He is made to appear truculent and unyielding, a second-rate militarist, the possessor of a most inadequate comprehension of economics, and a man whose public pronouncements must frequently be taken with a grain of salt. He is further pictured as a dictator who held some 82 different titles during the war and so put even Signor Mussolini to shame. That this portrait is open to question is, of course, patent. The truth, as is so often the case, lies somewhat closer to the middle path so seldom adopted in picturing this controversial figure. Others who receive a thorough going-over include General "Pat" Hurley and the whole reactionary group of Kuomintang cliques. On the other hand, the generally accepted fallacy among Americans that the Chinese communists are mere agrarian reformers is beautifully exploded. One of the few persons to come out of this volume with his reputation enhanced is the late General Stilwell who is given a magnificent eulogy for his common sense appreciation of the intricacies of the Far East.

Their conclusions based on the conviction that American policy in China, as exemplified by the events of 1945 which saw Americans actively engaged in furthering the fortunes of the Nationalists, is erroneous might well be cited. They feel that the United States should seek to achieve three goals in its China policy, believing it impossible to halt the revolution long in progress in China. These are: (1) "That this revolution when successful should regard America as a friendly state." (2) "That it should be achieved with a minimum of violence and bloodshed." (3) "That it should preserve within itself always the right of minority groups to speak, to protest, to act under law and that it should permit the great outer world to observe, to witness, and to report what it does."

Although White and Mrs. Jacoby feel these should be our goals, they emphasize that our policies are presently limited. They hold that we cannot continue to support Chiang unconditionally nor yet afford to be isolationist.

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Our policy should stress "the encouragement of a multi-party government in China that will be a vehicle for the changes the land needs." To guarantee peace there, "a mutual understanding with Russia" is essential. Failing in this, "we must match the dynamite of Russian foreign policy with an equally vigorous dynamic of our own."

That our policy is shortly to be put to the acid test may be seen in three events which have occured in China since this book was published. They are the boycott of the National Assembly currently being practiced by the communists, the recent ominous warning of John Carter Vincent to American businessmen that China investments are unsafe due to "corruption, arms outlays, and Civil War," and the turning over to the communists of the port of Dairen by the Russians.

THOMAS H. D. MAHONEY.

The Eternal Gospel. Gerald Heard. Harper. $2.00.

IN THE FIRST of the Ayer Lectures for 1946, which are republished here in book form, Mr. Heard defines the "Eternal Gospel" as "that essential sense of obligation and institutional moral knowledge which has emerged and become defined as the common denominator and working factor in all the great religions." Thus it differs from Mr. Huxley's "Perennial Philosophy," which, he feels, is only part, a cross-section, of the Eternal Gospel—his being the actual canon of Scripture, in many tongues. On his flyleaf, Mr. Heard quotes Saint Augustine: "that which is called the Christian religion existed among the ancients, and never did not exist, from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, at which time the true religion, which already existed, began to be called Christianity." God, as Saint Paul pointed out, has never left Himself without witness, and Mr. Heard brilliantly traces the emergence of the lowest common factor of belief necessary—that at which man can arrive unaided by any but natural grace. Few men have so intelligently correlated the findings of the natural sciences—especially anthropology and psychology—with the basic truths of religion, as has Mr. Heard. Everything he says in essentially serious, but, when for a scientific hypothesis he substitutes an historical, then instead of the delicate respect he has hitherto shown, he manifests a dogmatic assertiveness very alien to his inquisitive, yet essentially reverent, spirit. When he shall have learnt to pursue his search for truth in history with the same respectful assiduity with which he searches for her in science, then he may well graduate into one of the major prophets of this century. At present he oscillates between a perceptiveness that recalls Hosea, and a lack of that "strict regard for truth" which, in Belloc's immortal Cautionary Tale, brought about Mathilda's downfall.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

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